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THE TALE OF ALLAN LORBURNE.

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"On returning to our companions we found the wine-cup in rapid march, the brandy goblet making its rounds, while a keg of choice Hollands followed, and completed in a little space the triumph of liquor over the understanding. One sang a long maritime battle-ballad, in a loud equal tone of voice, which rivalled, in hoarseness and melody, the clamour of a storm in the shrouds. Another shouted out the names of all the naval heroes of plunder and piracy with whom his calling had made him familiar; and toasted them all in quick succession, distinguishing each by some rude descriptive epithet taken from the story of their lives. A third halloed, with a goblet in one hand, and the remains of a tarry hat in the other, the names and dwelling-places of a long succession of mistresses, who had triumphed over his heart at home and abroad; but his chief favourite was Bell Sheal, daughter to the Skipper of Courach. A fourth gave a history of the famous sea-fight between the Rover and the Rainbow—dipped his fingers without scruple in his own or his comrades' liquor, to draw a chart of the coast where the battle happened; and imagining himself at last in the hottest of the action, started on his feet, and shouted out, 'Board, ye babes of darkness, board!' and overturned the naval ballad-singer in the fury of his enthusiasm. In the midst of this scene of brawl and drunkenness, Borthwick sat and enjoyed in their turns the varied characters which his crew exhibited. He sang with the songster, toasted pirates and drabs with Spicer and Spankham, threw a passing descriptive word or two into the narrative of the sea-fight of the Rover and the Rainbow, and shouted and swore with all, till the whole isle remurmured with the din.—'Ah, my gallant soul,' exclaimed a sailor from Carrickfergus to the boatswain, 'you have a bright sketch of swearing, and you damn most delightfully.'

"It was about two o'clock on a summer morning, when the captain, the boatswain, and their companions, returned on board the ship—some we hauled up the side—they all got aboard with difficulty, and reeled to rest. I was desired to keep watch on deck, and an old experienced sailor was my companion. By degrees the brawling and deep swearing subsided; and all that could be heard was the plash of the seal on the shore, the low chafing of the surge against the prow of the ship, and the frequent sob and sigh from the unhappy island maid, whose sorrow knew no sleep. My comrade and I paced the deck with our cutlasses drawn; but the dewy air was cold: we placed them in their sheaths, and with folded arms, and eyes, which now wandered seaward, then shoreward, and finally were turned upon each other in sharp and suspicious scrutiny, we maintained our silent watch. We had not moved in this way long till we heard the captive girl, low and scarce audible at first, interceding with Heaven for protection; her prayer was interrupted by sobs, and other expressions of misery, and her voice, though sweet, was inexpressibly mournful. 'I wish,' said my comrade, 'that the lassie would have the sense to be silent—she'll waken Captain Cutawa, and he'll waken in drink—and wakening in drink he'll waken angry, when he's angry out comes his cutlass, and right and left, from stem to stern, strikes he—as if a thousand fiends were boarding

his ship—and wha kens but ye may get a slap or sae with his cutlass, just by way of a mark of special regard—a friendly token, belike, just to show how high you stand in a gallant man's regard?'—'These are tokens we must sometimes take from our enemies,' I observed—'but a cut from a friend's cutlass is long in healing, and I should be tempted to snap my pistol in his face if he struck hard.'—'I like your spirit, my lad,' said the old pirate, measuring his steps in confidence, side by side with me; 'and were my feet on the heather-top instead of shaven deal, I would burn powder under the best man's nose in the mainland who bestowed such dubious benediction on me. But conscience! ye see, lad, the land has ae law, and the waves have another; and ye'll never rise to command till ye have learned to obey. And it's just no sae bad as ye imagine to get a small wipe from the captain's hanger—it is a mark of respect, though something of a queer ane, and which a hot-headed chield would be apt to misunderstand.—If he strikes ance he never strikes again, and ye are ever after the captain's marked man—to house and carouse, to plot and to board, and to share in the glory and the spoil, and be ever at his right hand. I bear a gentle token of his affection myself—won on the coast of Surinam; I could go to the spot yet where I received it—and it healed, as ye see, in a month,' displaying, as he spoke, the rough ridge of a large flesh-wound, 'and ever since we have been sworn brothers—among the billows I mean; for I think, if we were fairly ashore, I would let the law of the land take its course, and ask him to take his stance with the marking-irons, among the morning dew.'

"I could not help smiling at this singular speech; and ventured to inquire, what he thought concerning those deeds of outrage—the plundering of a peaceable coast, and carrying away children to dispose of among the plantations. He seemed surprised at my speech. 'I vow,' said he, 'by the night of a nine inch cable, that thou art the greatest simpleton that ever bore pistols. I will make this knotty matter as straight to thee as a handspike; and I cannot but say, that I had some of these qualms myself, the first voyage I made with the old half Highland, half Dutch captain—what's his name, who was gibbeted off the Paps of Jura?—old Jansen Vandergeit—but he weighed down my scruples with some pieces of Spanish gold, and I became a quiet seaman, and a sworn servant of the ship, ever after. That's but a small answer to a large question, though many would think it good enough, but I will make it plain. Here's the good ship Rover a free-trader with an English pennon floating—she wants a hand, and a hand wants employment; sae down comes a seaman to the quay, the gowd is offered, the bargain is struck, and ye are a bounden servant to the bonne ship till she hath made her voyage. Now what is it to you, I would wish to learn, whether she carry sugar-candy or slaves—the law bound ye, and ye cannot loose yourself; else a loose plank, or the yard arm, or, what is worse than all, a West India dungeon, would be your instant fee and reward, the moment ye were taken. But ye are, may be, somewhat devout, and afraid of doing a thing which may be heinous, and apt to bring ye into trouble in another state; and be it sae—scruples should be satisfied.—Ah, my lad, there's nothing sooner soothed than a scruple of that kind—if ye happen to have a tenderish heart and a soft eye ye'll find these much more in your way. There was Captain Kipper; he aye consulted his chaplain before he ventured on an expedition; and while he had one party ashore marauding and reaving, he had another gang on board praying and singing anthems—and sae he balanced matters atween a peevish conscience and a love of gain. I have answered ye now, I trow.' And he regarded me with triumph in his eye, and we continued our pacing and watching.

"My companion laid his hand on my arm to stay me, and he stood look-

ing shoreward, with his lips apart and his matted locks raised from his ear—like one who sought to catch a flitting sound from a distant place. 'It is but the moving of the seals among the waters after all, I believe,' said he, 'and yet I thought I heard something like the shrill twang of a woman's tongue—it's a sound can never be mistaken, and rings in one's ear like hammered steel.—But I'll warrant it's that foolish woman's screams, that have left their echo in my lug;—I should like now to have a bit of a brush with our colasses and cannon, to get rid of such an unsonsie clamour.' I expressed some suspicion, that much wrong was offered to individual feeling, in thus tearing their victims violently from their native place, and the society of their relatives. He rubbed his chin, which was black and ripe for the razor; shrugged up his trowsers, and answered: 'Wrong! why ye see there seems to be small wrong in it—every body does with the poor and the helpless as they like—one turns a fisher town into a furrowed field, and burns the shieds above the people's heads by way of ejectment, and away they sail to rot on a foreign shore;—another, more merciful, turns his farmers' sons into fusileers, and hounds them away abroad with fife and drum, to be shot and stabbed for sevenpence a day and a new sark once in the year. Now ye see these brown and barren isles, where the crow cannot find a worm—where nought green will grow—where all the music ye can hear is the sough of the storm and the clang of the sea mew—yet to these, and to their wretched shielings, the inhabitants cling like the weed to the rock, and the heather to the hill. I winna say, we are their benefactors, seeing we work for our own gain—but if they winna forsake these unfruitful places, they ought to be thankful and resigned when they get people wise enough to judge for them, and carry them with a scrough and a scream to a land of milk and honey. There was wee Duncan Davison—away from his mother's knee we bore him, and muckle she pled, and sore she screamed; and took on as sadly as that daft dame did this blessed night. But mark the upshot, man—Davie's lord of half an island—has slaves to fan him and to cool his feet—a handsome quean or twa to wait on him, and dance and sing, and what not—and had he not fortunately fallen in with us, he would have been nought better than a long-legged islander, with a penniless pouch, a naked knee—his dinner swimming in seven fathoms of sea-brine, and he mending his net to take it; so ye see, my lad, there's muckle gude redounds from this traffic.' And having concluded his justification, he renewed his watching, and seemed disinclined to engage further in conversation.

To be concluded in our next.

BATTLES OF DRUMCLOG AND BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

Continued from Page 396.

At this moment his brother John entered, with looks which betrayed unusual anxiety. "My brother," said he, "you must resume these weapons which your seditious habits have thrown into the corner. Praying must give way to fighting now. A trooper advances at full speed, and he is followed by a dark column. We have not even time to fly." The mind of the Laird, like those of the rest of the wanderers, always brightened up at the approach of danger. "I guessed some such tidings from that tragedy face of yours," said he. "Our perils are so great that they do not allow us time to vent our complaints," added he, as he girded on his sword, and put on his helmet. "Let us reconnoitre.—What do I see, but one trooper? And that motley cloud is a rabble—not a troop. That trooper is not of Clavers' band; nor does he belong to Douglas—nor to Inglis—nor to Strachan's dragoons. He waves a small flag. I can discover the scarlet and blue colour of the Covenanter's flag.

—Ha! welcome you, John Howie of Dochgoin.* But what news? Lives our country? Lives the good old cause?"—"Glorious news," exclaimed Howie; "Scotland for ever! She is free. The tyrant James has abdicated. The Stuarts are banished by an indignant nation. Orange triumphs. Our wounds are binding up. Huzza! Scotland and King William and the Covenant for ever."

The Laird made no reply. He laid his steel cap on the ground, and threw himself on his knees; he uttered a brief prayer, of which this was the close:—"My bleeding country, and thy wailing Kirk, and my brethren in the furnace, have come in remembrance before thee. For ever hided be thy name."—"Hasten to the meeting at Lesmahagow. Our friends behind me, you see, have already set out," said Howie. And he set off with enthusiastic ardour to spread the news.

"These news," said the Laird, after a long pause, while his eyes followed the courser over the plains of Avon—"These news are to me as life from the dead. Our martial toils have not been unprofitable, nor has the blood been in vain. We have at last roused our sleeping country—we have saved her—we have gained our civil and religious liberties. I feel a fresh vigour poured into my nerves. I feel already the full glow of liberty. I feel that I am a free man....and no tyrant's slave. The Parliament and the Assembly will, I trust, set all things right again. My forfeiture shall be restored, and my wife and babes shall surround me in the domestic circle; and brother John—what is no small affair.....I shall now have a respite.....far from the horrid din of war—quietly to finish that work over which I have literally trimmed the midnight lamp, with my sword and musketoon lying before me. —Gawn Witherspoon," said the Laird in a higher tone, "call my mose-headed hostler, and let us have our horses. I have a mind to meet my old friends at Lesmahagow. And, then, when serious business is dispatched, we can take Bothwell field on our return. It will yield me at least a melancholy pleasure to visit the spot where we fought, I trust, our last battle against the enemies of our country, and of the good old cause."

Serious matters of church and state having been discussed at the public meeting, the brothers found themselves, on the fourth day, on the battle ground of Bothwell.

"On that moor," said the Laird, after a long silence—and, without being conscious of it, he had, by a kind of instinct natural enough to a soldier, drawn his sword, and was pointing with it.—"On that moor, the enemy first formed under Monmouth. There, on the right, Claverhouse led on the life-guards, breathing fury, and resolute to wipe off the disgrace of the affair of Drumclog. Dalzell formed his men on that knoll. Lord Livingstone led the van of the foemen. We had taken care to have Bothwell Bridge strongly secured by a barricade, and our little battery of cannon was planted on that spot below us, in order to sweep the bridge. And we did rake it.—The foemen's blood streamed there. Again and again the troops of the tyrant marched on, and our cannon annihilated their columns. Sir Robert Hamilton was our commander in Chief. The gallant General Hackstone stood on that spot with his brave men. Along the river, and above the bridge, Burley's foot and Captain Nesbit's dragoons were stationed. For one hour we kept the enemy in check; they were defeated in every attempt to cross the Clyde. Livingstone sent another strong column to storm the bridge. I shall never forget the effect of one fire from our battery, where my men stood. We saw the line of the foe advance in all the military glory of brave and beautiful men—the horses pranced—the armour gleamed.

* The grandson of this person (John Howie) was the person whom the *Great Unknown* calls Old Mortality. I have been from infancy familiar with the history of this author of the epitaphs, this repairer of the tombs of the martyrs, but I never heard him called Old Mortality. Every body in the west of Scotland is familiar with the name of John Howie,—Old Mortality is the name in romance.

In one moment nothing was seen but a shocking mass of mortality. Human limbs, and the bodies and limbs of horses were mingled in one huge heap, or blown to a great distance. Another column attempted to cross above the bridge. Some threw themselves into the current. One well directed fire from Burley's troops threw them into disorder, and drove them back. Meanwhile, while we were thus warmly engaged, Hamilton was labouring to bring down the different divisions of our main body into action; but in vain he called on Colonel Cleland's troop—in vain he ordered Henderson's to fall in—in vain he called on Colonel Fleming's.—Hackstone flew from troop to troop—all was confusion; in vain he besought, he intreated, he threatened. Your disputes and fiery misguided zeal, my brother, contracted a deep and deadly guilt that day. The Whig turned his arms in fierce hate that day against his own vitals. Our chaplains, Cargil, and King, and Kid, and Douglas, interposed again and again. Cargil mounted the pulpit; he preached peace; he called aloud for mutual forbearance. "Behold the banners of the enemy," cried he; "hear ye not the fire of the foe, and of our brethren? Our brothers and fathers are falling beneath their sword. Haste to their aid. See the flag of the Covenant. See the motto in letters of gold—"Christ's crown and the Covenant." Hear the voice of your weeping country. Hear the wailings of the bleeding Kirk. Banish discord. And let us, as a band of brothers, present a bold front to the foeman. Follow me all ye who love their country, and the Covenant. I go to die in the forefront of the battle." All the ministers and officers followed him—amidst a flourish of trumpets—but the great body remained to listen to the harangues of the factious. We sent again and again for ammunition. My men were at the last round. Treachery, or a fatal error, had sent a barrel of raisins instead of powder.* My heart sunk within me while I beheld the despair on the faces of my brave fellows; as I struck out the head of the vessel. Hackstone called his officers to him. We threw ourselves around him. "What must be done?" said he in an agony of despair. "Conquer or die," we said, as if with one voice. "We have our swords yet—Lead back the men then to their places, and let the ensign bear down the white and scarlet colours. *Our God and our Country* be the word." Hackstone rushed forward. We ran to our respective corps—we cheered our men, and they were languid and dispirited. Their ammunition was nearly expended, and they seemed anxious to husband what remained. They fought only with their carbines. The cannons could no more be loaded. The enemy soon perceived this. We saw a troop of horse approach the bridge. It was that of the life guards. I recognized the plume of Clavers. They approached in rapid march. A solid column of infantry followed. I sent a request to Captain Nesbit to join his troop to mine. He was in an instant with us. We charged the life guards. Our swords rung on their steel caps Many of my brave lads fell on all sides of me. But we hewed down the foe. They began to reel. The whole column was kept stationary on the bridge. Clavers' dreadful voice was heard, more like the yell of a savage than the commanding voice of a soldier. He pushed forward his men, and again we hewed them down. A third mass was pushed up. Our exhausted dragoons fled. Unsupported, I found myself by the brave Nesbit, and Paton, and Hackstone. We looked for a moment's space in silence on each other. We gallopped in front of our retreating men. We rallied them. We pointed to the General almost alone. We pointed to the white and to the scarlet colours floating near him. We cried *God and our Country.*" They faced about. We charged Clavers once more. "Torfoot," cried Nesbit, "I dare you to the forefront of the battle." We rushed up at full gallop.

* The natives of Hamilton have preserved by tradition, the name of the merchant who did this disservice to the Covenanters' army.

Our men seeing this, followed also at full speed. We broke the enemy's line, bearing down those files which we encountered. We cut our way through their ranks. But they had now lengthened their front. Superior numbers drove us in.—They had gained the entire possession of the bridge. Livingstone and Dalzell were actually taking us on the flank. A band had got between us and Burley's infantry. My friends, said Hackstone to his officers, we are the last on the field. We can do no more. We must retreat. Let us attempt, at least, to bring aid to the deluded men behind us. They have brought ruin on themselves and on us. Not Monmouth, but our own divisions have scattered us.

To be concluded in our next.

MANNERS OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN NOBILITY.

From De Staël's "Ten Years' Exile."

I WENT to spend a day at the country seat of Prince Narischkin, great chamberlain of the court, an amiable easy, and polished man, but who cannot exist without a fête; it is at his house that you obtain a correct notion of that vivacity in their tastes, which explains the defects and qualities of the Russians. The house of M. de Narischkin is always open, and if there happen to be only twenty persons at his country seat, he begins to be weary of this philosophical retreat. Polite to strangers, always in movement, and yet perfectly capable of the reflection required to stand well at court; greedy of the enjoyments of imagination, but placing these only in things and not in books; impatient everywhere but at court, witty when it is to his advantage to be so, magnificent rather than cautious, and seeking in every thing for a certain Asiatic grandeur, in which fortune and rank are more conspicuous than personal advantages. His country seat is as agreeable as it is possible for a place of the kind to be, created by the hand of man—all the surrounding country is marshy and barren; so as to make this residence a perfect Oasis. On ascending the terrace, you see the gulph of Finland, and perceive in the distance the palace which Peter I. built upon its borders; but the space which separates it from the sea and the palace is almost a waste, and the park of M. Narischkin alone charms the eye of the observer. We dined in the house of the Moldavians, that is to say, in a saloon built according to the taste of these people; it was arranged so as to protect from the heat of the sun, a precaution rather needless in Russia. However the imagination is impressed to that degree with the idea that you are living among a people who have only come into the North by accident, that it appears natural to find there the customs of the South, as if the Russians were some day or other to bring to Petersburgh the climate of their old country. The table was covered with the fruits of all countries, according to the custom taken from the East, of only letting the fruits appear, while a crowd of servants carried round to each guest the dishes of meat and vegetables they required.

We were entertained with a concert of that horn music which is peculiar to Russia, and of which mention has been often made. Of twenty musicians, each plays only one and the same note, every time it returns; each of these men in consequence bears the name of the note which he is employed to execute. When one of them is seen going along, people say, that is the *sol*, that is the *mi*, or that is the *re* of M. Narischkin. The horns go on increasing from rank to rank, and this music has been by some one called, very properly, a living organ. At a distance the effect is very fine: the exactness and purity of the harmony, excite the most noble ideas; but when you come near to these poor performers, who are there like pipers, yielding only one sound, and quite unable to participate by their own emotions in the effect produced, the pleasure dies away: one does not like to see the fine airs transformed

into mechanical arts; to be acquired by dint of strength, like exercise.

Some of the inhabitants of the Ukraine, dressed in scarlet, came afterwards to sing to us some of the airs of their country, which are singularly pleasing: they are sometimes gay and sometimes melancholy, and sometimes both united. These airs sometimes break off abruptly in the midst of the melody, as if the imagination of the people was tired before finishing what at first pleased them, or found it more *piquant* to suspend the charm at the very moment its influence was greatest. It is thus that the Sultana of the Arabian Nights always breaks off her story, when its interest is at the height.

M. Narischkin in the midst of this variety of pleasures, proposed to us to drink a toast to the united arms of the Russians and English, and gave, at the same moment, a signal to his artillery, which gave almost as loud a salute as that of a Sovereign. The ebriety of hope seized all the guests; as for me, I felt myself bathed in tears. Was it possible that a foreign tyrant should reduce me to wish that the French should be beat? I wish, said I then, for the fall of him, who is equally the oppressor of France and Europe; for the true French will triumph if he is repulsed. The English and the Russian guests, and particularly M. Narischkin, approved my idea, and the name of France, formerly like that of Armida in its effects, was once more heard with kindness by the knights of the east, and of the sea, who were going to fight against her.

Calmucks with flat features are still brought up in the houses of the Russian nobility, as if to preserve a specimen of those Tartars who were conquered by the Sclavonians. In the palace of Narischkin there were two or three of these half-savage Calmucks running about. They are agreeable enough in their infancy, but at the age of twenty they lose all the charms of youth: obstinate, though slaves, they amuse their masters by their resistance, like a squirrel fighting with the wires of his cage. It was painful to look at this specimen of the human race debased; I thought I saw, in the midst of all the pomp of luxury, an image of what man may become, when he derives no dignity either from religion or the laws, and this spectacle was calculated to humble the pride which the enjoyments of splendour may inspire.

Long carriages for promenade, drawn by the most beautiful horses, conducted us, after dinner, into the park. It was now the end of August, but the sun was pale, the grass of an almost sufficient green, because it was only kept up by unremitting attention. The flowers themselves appeared to be an aristocratic enjoyment, so much expense was required to have them. No warbling of birds was heard in the woods, they did not trust themselves to this summer of a moment; neither were any cattle observable in the meadows: one could not dare to give them plants which had required such pains to cultivate. The water scarcely flowed, and only by the help of machines which brought it into the gardens, where the whole of this nature had the air of being a festival decoration, which would disappear when the guests retired. Our calesches stopped in front of a building in the garden, which represented a Tartar camp; there all the musicians united began a new concert: the noise of horns and cymbals quite intoxicated the ideas. The better to complete this entire banishment of thinking, we had an imitation, during summer of their sledges, the rapidity of which consoles the Russians for the winter; we rolled upon boards, from the top of a mountain in wood, with the quickness of lightning. This amusement charmed the ladies as much as the gentlemen, and allowed them to participate a little in those pleasures of war, which consist in the emotion of danger, and in the animated promptitude of all the movements. Thus passed the time; for every day saw the renewal of what appeared to me to be a fête. With some slight differences, the greater part of the houses of Petersburgh lead the same

kind of life; it is impossible, as one may readily see, for any kind of continued conversation to be kept up in it, and learning is of no utility in this kind of society; but where so much is done only from the desire of collecting in one's house a great multitude of persons, entertainments are after all the only means of preventing the *ennui* which a crowd in the saloons always creates.

In the midst of all this noise, is there any room for love? will be asked by the Italian ladies, who scarcely know any other interest in society than the pleasure of seeing the person by whom they wish to be beloved. I passed too short a time at Petersburg to obtain correct ideas of the interior arrangements of families, it appeared to me, however, that on one hand, there was more domestic virtue than was said to exist; but that, on the other hand, sentimental love was very rarely known. The customs of Asia, which met you at every step, prevent the females from interfering with the domestic cares of their establishment: all these are directed by the husband, and the wife only decorates herself with his gifts and receives the persons whom he invites. The respect for morality is already much greater than it was at Petersburg in the time of those emperors and empresses who depraved opinion by their example. The two present empresses have made those virtues beloved, of which they are themselves the models. In this respect, however, as in a great many others, the principles of morality are not properly fixed in the minds of the Russians. The ascendancy of the master has always been so great over them, that from one reign to another, all maxims upon all subjects may be changed. The Russians, both men and women, generally carry into love their characteristic impetuosity, but their disposition to change makes them also easily renounce the objects of their choice. A certain irregularity in the imagination does not allow them to find happiness in what is durable. The cultivation of the understanding, which multiplies sentiment by poetry and the fine arts, is very rare among the Russians, and with these fantastic and vehement dispositions, love is rather a fête or a delirium than a profound and reflected affection. Good company in Russia is therefore a perpetual vortex, and perhaps the extreme prudence to which a despotic government accustoms people, by the enticement of conversation, to speak upon subjects which may lead to any consequence whatever. To this reserve, which, under different reigns, has been but too necessary to them, we must attribute the want of truth of which they are accused. The refinements of civilization in all countries alter the sincerity of character, but when a sovereign possesses the unlimited power of exile, imprisonment, sending to Siberia, &c. &c. it is something too strong for human nature. We may meet with men independent enough to disdain favour, but heroism is required to brave persecution, and heroism cannot be an universal quality.

None of these reflections, we know, apply to the present government, its head being, as Emperor, perfectly just, and as a man, singularly generous. But the subjects preserve the defects of slavery long after the sovereign himself would wish to remove them. We have seen, however, during the continuance of this war, how much virtue has been shown by Russians of all ranks, not even excepting the courtiers. While I was at Petersburgh scarcely any young men were to be seen in company: all had gone to the army. Married men, only sons, noblemen of immense fortunes, were serving in the capacity of simple volunteers, and the sight of their estates and houses ravaged, has never made them think of their losses in any other light than as motives of revenge, but never of capitulating with the enemy. Such qualities more than counter-balance all the abuses, disorders, and misfortunes which an administration still vicious, a civilization yet new, and despotic institutions, may have introduced.

A COCKNEY'S RURAL SPORTS.

A MOST amusing Paper, under the signature of P.* with this title, appears in the *London Magazine* for the present month. It is too long for our pages, but the substance of it will, we think, draw some smiles from our readers. The writer assumes to be a thorough-bred Cockney—totally ignorant of horses, guns, dogs, and "every thing else in the world," as Mathews has it, connected with country pleasures. His first attempt on horseback is on a party to Weybridge, which he thus describes:—

"I advanced with the rest, neither ostentatiously taking the front, nor timidly seeking the rear, but falling in just as chance directed—in short, as any experienced rider would have done, who attached no sort of importance to the act of sitting across a horse. Our road lay down St. James's-street, (the place of meeting) through the Park and along the King's road. Arriving opposite the Palace, my companions turned their horses to the right while my horse turned me to the left. This occasioned a general cry of, 'This is the way—this is the way;' and already I fancied I perceived among them signs of distrust in my equestrian talents. For my own part, I was all confidence, and just giving my horse's head a twitch to the right, I soon remedied my first error, or rather his, and again became one of the party. We proceeded, at a slow walking pace, from the Palace-gate to the entrance of the Stable-yard; and though I would not be considered as prone to boasting, I will say, that for the whole of that distance, I did not meet with the slightest hindrance or accident. By the bye, the police ought to interfere to prevent milk-women with their pails crossing a street when they see a horse advancing. A person of this class came directly under my horse's nose, and but for ——, who rode up and caught hold of the strap which was fastened about his head,* the careless woman must have been knocked down. She was, however, sufficiently punished by the boys in the street, for I heard them shout after her, 'Well done, stupid;' 'That's right, Johnny Raw.' On reaching the Stable-yard, my horse, instead of following the others, as I imagined he would have done of his own accord, walked slowly towards the mansion of the Marquis of Stafford; but a tug to the left instantly brought him into the proper direction. I did not regret this accident, for it served to convince me that I possessed a certain degree of power over the animal; moreover, that I performed the manœuvre with some dexterity, for I observed that the centinels looked at each other and smiled. Indeed, I may say that the people on both sides of the way stopt to gaze at me as I passed along: a compliment they did not bestow on any other of the party. In St. James's Park—may I mention it without incurring the charge of vanity?—a cavalry officer actually stopped his horse, and remained for some time looking after me! At Pimlico-gate there was a general whispering among my friends, and all, except poor R——- (now no more!) galloped off. He and I continued our route for some time, very leisurely; and, for my part, I was as much at my ease as if seated in my arm chair. R——, every now and then, cast a glance at me, and seemed anxious to speak, yet hem'd and ha'd, and appeared confused in a way I could not then account for."

His friend at length persuades him to return to town and take a chaise for Weybridge. His next adventure is on Brighton downs, whither he rides on a poney so low that the animal runs from beneath his legs, leaving him "with his legs a-straddle, as though he had been riding an invisible horse."

Some time after this, while in France, he is invited to spend a few weeks at the chateau of his friend Mons. de V., who, conceiving all Englishmen to be sportsmen, is perpetually assuring P.*

* *Bridle* is the proper term.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

"how they shall amuse themselves!" After a most fatiguing journey the château is reached, and as soon as breakfast is over, the M. de V. addresses his friend in the following words:—

"You will find here every thing you can desire. Fishing-tackle, dogs, guns, horses—*par exemple*, you shall ride Hector while you stay—no one here can manage him, but *you'll* soon bring him to reason. *Allons!* we'll ride to day. *Sacristi!* Hector will fly with you four leagues an hour! Only remember, that as we shall not be equally well mounted, you must keep him in a little, that we may not lose the pleasure of your conversation by the way.' Then turning to some others of the party, he said, 'The English are in general better horsemen than we; *il n'y a pas de comparaison, Messieurs; vous allez voir.*'

"This was an unexpected blow. I wished the earth would open and hide me in its deepest recesses. I, who had never in my life caught a flounder! I, who had never pulled a trigger to the annoyance of beast or bird! I, who had never performed any very extraordinary equestrian feat, suddenly called upon 'to witch the world with noble horsemanship,' and sustain the sporting credit of England!"

* * * *

"The reader may now form some idea of the state of my feelings as I approached the court-yard at Vilette. The ladies were specially invited to see me 'turn and wind,' this untameable courser, *à la mode Anglaise*. In great extremities slight consolations are eagerly caught at. I had never yet tried to ride *in France!* This was not much to be sure; yet it was sufficient to inspire me with the assurance that I should come out from the ordeal at something less than the cost of a broken neck. The very appearance of the animal added to my confidence. It was an immense horse, finely proportioned, nearly seven feet tall from the ground to the crown of his head, of a dark snuff-colour, with a long bushy waving tail, and a beautiful head of hair floating loosely in the morning breeze.* I had just put one foot into the stirrup, and was preparing to swing myself into the saddle, when the intelligent creature slowly turned its head and darted at me a look——! There was in it more than whole hours of human language; it was eloquence refined into an essence which rendered words unnecessary; its single glance spoke plainly of Weybridge and of Brighton Downs! It combined all the forms of oratory, but persuasion and entreaty were its great characteristics. There was besides an appeal from the animal's consciousness of his own strength to *my* consciousness of my weakness; and his mute oration concluded with an exhortation, that I would spare him the pain of dislodging me from his encumbered loins; an event which, considering my usual and involuntary deference to the will or caprice of my quadruped companion, it would be beyond all horse-can power to avoid. To me, experienced in these matters, all this was distinctly uttered. I found it would be useless to proceed; so, submitting to the necessity of the case, I made a start, bent myself double, complained of a violent spasm, and hastily returned to my chamber. "*C'est pour un autre jour,*" said Monsieur De V——, as he motioned for Hector to be led back to the stable; and the equestrian honour of England survived another day."

The next annoyance is shooting:—

"I loaded my improved, patent, double-barrelled Manton; and, determined to keep certain odds in my favour, took care to put in plenty of shot. 'It will be bad,' thought I, 'if among so many *one* does not tell.' We sallied forth, and presently turned

* I take the liberty of suggesting, that the terms Mr. P.* uses to describe the horse are not those current in the stable. There it would be said, that the horse was bay, brown, or chesnut, of so many hands high, and his beautiful head of hair would be simply termed the mane. "Floating loosely in the morning breeze," is a very pretty phrase, but highly inappropriate in matters of pure jockeyship.—P. D.

up a whole drove of partridges.* I hastily presented my piece, and fired in among them at random, pulling both triggers at once. I killed nothing, but, to my great surprise and satisfaction, lamed three poor devils. This piece of cruelty, however, was unintentional, for so far from aiming at such delicate marks as their legs or wings, I had no intention of striking, *in particular*, any one of their bodies. The effect of this, my first sporting effort, seemed to excite some astonishment among my brother sportsmen; and well it might, for it astonished me. One person asked me, whether in England it was usual to fire among the birds, as I had done, scarcely allowing them time to rise; and another inquired whether English sportsmen usually fired off both barrels at once. To this I carelessly replied, that 'some did, and some did not;' and proceeded to reload my patent, improved, double-barrelled Manton.' Scarcely had I done this, when a hare was perceived sitting at a very short distance: as a matter of politeness it was instantly pointed out to me. I levelled my piece and pulled the triggers: it missed fire. This was, as they all said, a *malheur*; for the hare escaped. But even a patent improved Manton will not go off, unless certain preparations are made to that end—the truth is, I had forgotten to prime it; add to which another little irregularity, I had thrust my wadding into the barrels before I put in the powder.—My sight is weak, and of very limited span; this, as I am informed, is a disadvantage in the field. It is not surprising, therefore, that my third shot was directed against what I mistook for a living creature of some kind or other, but which turned out to be a hat a labourer had suspended on the branch of a tree. Luckily I did it no injury, and Monsieur de V——, supposing I fired at it merely to create a laugh, and fired wide of it to avoid spoiling the poor man's property, laughed most heartily, at the same time applauding me for my consideration."

He is relieved from further pain by the arrival of a letter, which, under the pretence that it is of great importance, he retires to the house to answer.

The following day, being wet, he is challenged to play Madame de V. at billiards, and all his protestations of ignorance of the game are taken as proofs of his modesty, and his numerous failures at striking the balls ascribed to an excess of complaisance; but, as he says, striking one with force, it happened to strike another, and by its rebound a third, and one of the three happened to roll unto a sack at the bottom of the table. Then he is overwhelmed with shouts of applause, and a match is made for him to play with a celebrated player on condition that the latter should have two points at starting.

The first fine day produces another shooting party, but this P. boldly declines, and says he prefers fishing. To this Mons. de V. assents, furnishes him with tackle, and directs the cook not to fricassee the hare, "but to dress a pike or two *à la maitre d' hotel*; make a *matelote* of some of the carp, and fry the rest." Poor P. then separates from the party, having been recommended to take the gardener's boy to help him in unhooking the larger fish, as they bite so fast, that he will soon be fatigued. His success in angling is just what could be expected.:—

"Scarcely had I thrown my bait into the water ere it was caught at: I drew in my line and found my hook void. A second, and a third, and a twentieth, and a fiftieth experiment succeeded in precisely the same manner. I no sooner renewed my bait than it was purloined with perfect impunity. Had the cursed fry passed by it without deigning to notice it, I might have consoled myself with examples of similar occurrences; but to catch it, and give me fair notice of their intention to abscond with it by a gentle tug at my line, was provok-

* Sportsmen do not talk of turning up droves of partridges; they spring coveys. When P.* has occasion to speak of numbers of oxen he may with safety use the word droves.—P. D.

ing beyond bearing; it would have exhausted the patience of Izaak Walton himself. Notwithstanding my regard for Monsieur De V——, I began to tire of feeding his fishes; and suspected that I must be cutting a ridiculous figure in the eyes of the finny tribe; in short, that they were making what is vulgarly termed a dead set against me. I varied my manner; I increased, I diminished, the quantity of my bait; I tried different sorts; now and then I tempted them with the bare hook; but all was to no purpose. After four hours of unrewarded efforts (in the course of which time I was once on the point of calling Etienne to assist me in pulling in what proved to be a tuft of weeds), I had the mortification to find dangling at the end of my line a wretched, miserable little gudgeon, two inches long, which had caught itself—I have not the vanity to suppose I caught it—upon my hook. Though in itself worse than nothing, I received it as a promise of better fortune, and threw the tiny fish into a huge basket, whence, to say the truth, it looked an epigram at me. But this was the beginning and ending of my prosperity. At the expiration of another four hours I was joined by Monsieur De V——. On looking into the basket, he said that I had done right in sending *the others* up to the house. I assured him that THE FISH he detected at the bottom was the only one I had caught. He burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, he saw through the jest at once: that I was a *farceur*, and had thrown all the large fish back again into the canal as fast as I had drawn them out, for the sake of the caricature of so small a fish in so large a basket. I insisted that that one fish was the sole result of my day's labour. No, no. The English were expert anglers: the canal was abundantly stocked, I had exhausted all my bait, and he was certain of the trick. Goulard was ordered to cook the hare. The *plaisanterie* of my own little gudgeon in the huge basket was frequently repeated in the course of dinner, and applauded as a most humourous jest. One of the party, however, observed, that though he admired the joke, he thought a *matelote de carpe* would have been a better; and proposed that, as I had deprived them of a service of fish, I should be punished by the deduction of half an hour from my next day's *ride*, which time I should occupy in providing fish for the dinner.

"Already was I suffering by anticipation the morrow's torments, when a servant entered with a bundle of newspapers and letters just arrived from Paris. Among them was a letter for me. I read it, and, affecting considerable surprise and concern, declared that I must leave Vilette early the next morning on business which would admit of no delay."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS

From D'Israeli's "Second Series of Curiosities of Literature."

In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two Deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declared they will render justice between man and man 'as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides:' an image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to the herring-fishery. There is a Cornish proverb, 'Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock,—the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they draw this salutary proverb against obstinate wrongheads. - -

The philosophical antiquary may often discover how many a proverb commemorates an event which has escaped from the more solemn monuments of history, and is often the solitary authority of its existence. A national event in Spanish history is preserved by a proverb. *Y vengar quinziento sueldos*; 'And revenge five hundred pounds.' An odd expres-

sion to denote a person being a gentleman! But the proverb is historical. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, the Spaniards succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute, by as many pieces of coin: at length the day arrived when they entirely emancipated themselves from this odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction, and the event perpetuated in the recollections of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, which alludes to the dishonourable tribute, was applied to characterise all men of high honour, and devoted lovers of their country."

Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated; *Head over head, as men took the Covenant!* This preserves the manner in which the Scotch covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterwards paralleled by the French in voting by 'acclamation.' An ancient English proverb preserves a curious fact concerning our coinage: *Testers are gone to Oxford, to study at Brazen-nose.* When Henry the Eighth debased the silver coin, called *testers*, from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on their silver faces, provoked the ill-humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which has preserved for the historical antiquary the popular feeling which lasted about fifty years, till Elizabeth reformed the state of the coinage. A northern proverb among us has preserved the remarkable idea which seems to have once been prevalent, that the metropolis of England was to be the city of York: *Lincoln was, London is, York shall be!* Whether at the time of the union of the crowns, under James the First, when England and Scotland became Great Britain, this city, from its centrical situation, was considered as the best adapted for the seat of government, or from some other cause which I have not discovered, this notion must have been prevalent to have entered into a proverb. The chief magistrate of York is the only provincial one who is allowed the title of Lord Mayor; a circumstance which seems connected with this proverb.

The Italian history of its own small principalities, whose well being so much depended on their prudence and sagacity, affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negociation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb,—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn, and even tragical occasions. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi was banished by the vigorous conduct of Cosmo de Medici, Machiavel tells us, the expelled man sent Cosmo a menace, in a proverb, *La gallina covava!* 'The hen is brooding!' said of one meditating vengeance. The undaunted Cosmo replied by another, that 'There was no brooding out of the nest!'

I give an example of peculiar interest; for it is perpetuated by Dante, and is connected with the character of Milton.

When the families of the Amadei and the Uberti felt their honour wounded in the affront the younger Buondelmonte had put upon them, in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, by marrying another, a council was held, and the death of the young cavalier was proposed as the sole atonement of their injured honour. But the consequences which they anticipated, and which afterwards proved so fatal to the Florentines, long suspended their decision. At length Moscha Lamberti suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, that, 'Those who considered every thing would never conclude on any thing!' closing with an ancient proverbial saying—*Cosa fatta capo ha!* 'A deed done has an end!' This proverb sealed the fatal deter

mination, and was long held in mournful remembrance by the Tuscans; for according to Villani, it was the cause and beginning of the accursed factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibeslians. Dante has immortalised the energetic expression in a scene of the 'Inferno.' - - -

Of a person treacherously used, the Italian proverb says that he has eaten of

The fruit of brother Alberigo.

Landino, on the following passage of Dante, preserves the tragic story:

'The friar Alberigo,' answered he,
'Am I, who from the evil garden pluck'd
Its fruitage,' and am here repaid the date
More luscious for my fig."

Cary's Dante.

This was Manfred, the lord of Faenza, who, after many cruelties, turned friar. Reconciling himself to those whom he had so often opposed, to celebrate the renewal of their friendship, he invited them to a magnificent entertainment. At the end of the dinner a horn blew to announce the dessert—but it was the signal of this dissimulating conspirator!—and the fruits which that day were served to his guests were armed men, who, rushing in, immolated their victims.

Among these historical proverbs none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, *J'ai payé tous mes Anglois*: 'I have paid all my English.' This proverb originated when John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French lords; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their own idea of it, by making the *English* and their *creditors* synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event—*Ore le Pape est devenu Francois, et Jesu Christ Anglais*: 'Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English;' a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France, and the English prospered so well that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—

'War with the world,
And peace with England!'

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their memorable armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I cannot ascertain. England must always have been a desirable ally to Spain against her potent rival and neighbour. The Italians have a proverb, which formerly, at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country, *Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato*: 'The Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate.' Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy than with France. Before and during the reign of Elizabeth and James the First, that land of the elegant arts modelled our taste and manners; and more Italians travelled into England, and were more constant residents, from commercial concerns, than afterwards when France assumed a higher rank in Europe, by her political superiority. This cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy with our manners which could not else have occurred. It was probably some sarcastic Italian, and, perhaps, horologer, who, to describe the disagreement of persons, proverbed our nation—'They agree like the clocks of London!' We were once better famed for merry Christmasses and their pies; and it must have been Italians who had been domiciliated with us who gave currency to the proverb—*Ha piu da fare che i forni di natale in Inghilterra*: 'He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.' Our pie-loving gentry were notorious, and Shakspeare's folio was usually laid open in the great halls of our nobility to entertain their attendants,

who devoured at once Shakspeare and their pasty. Some of those volumes have come down to us, not only with the stains, but enclosing even the identical pie-crusts of the Elizabethan age."

VARIETIES.

Contrasts.—At the last meeting of the Sheffield Public Society, the following interesting facts were mentioned:—Gibbon, who in his celebrated History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman empire has left an imperishable memorial of his enmity to the Gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of its rents, expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very Gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine.—Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity, which required the hands of twelve Apostles to build up. At this day, the press which he employed at Ferney to print his blasphemies, is actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures.—It is a remarkable circumstance, also, the first provisional meeting for the re-formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh, was held in the very room in which Hume died.

Maria Louisa.—This illustrious personage has been variously represented, according as the whim, envy, or interests, of people have dictated. Like many great personages, she is but little known; and compared to the prominent figure she once made in the landscape of human life, she has for some years occupied a shady spot in the back-ground of the painting. Little is known of her domestic habits; and her public actions neither want praise, nor demand censure. The principalities over which she rules are amongst the finest in Italy, and her subjects generally contented. Her Prime Minister, Baron Glaive, is a man of ordinary talents; to him every thing is confided, and his duty is little more than being steward over a large family; that he exercises the stewardship with discretion is proved by no complaints ever being preferred against him. The whole revenue of the three principalities is not more than the Duke of Northumberland's income; and to keep her court, &c. at Parma, Maria Louisa has not above £50,000 per annum. Of the money left her and her son by Napoleon, they have never yet received a shilling; and it is known that, at her separation from her unfortunate consort, she carried away only her jewels, and those of inconsiderable value. Her court, though small, is said to have been the theatre of great intrigues, and there exists not a more voluptuous society in Italy than the walls of Parma inclose.

The silence which Maria Louisa has observed with respect to her husband has been variously construed; some say she was positively interdicted from ever making any application in his favour, or even mentioning his name; but such is not the case. She married Napoleon from motives of ambition. She was only attached to his power and glory. It is said she never wrote him a letter in his exile—it is certain she never mentions his name—not even to his son; and in common conversation relative to public affairs, when his name must be spoken of, she calls him "Napoleon, the late French Emperor," but never her late husband.

Maria Louisa and our late Queen, when Princess of Wales, were intimate friends. They travelled over Tuscany together, and at Leghorn they resided in the same palace.

Instance of Revenge in a Horse.—About a year and a half ago, I was informed of a singular passion of revenge in a horse, which an ostler had particularly offended. The horse had several times motioned to kick the man, but he had always avoided the blow. At the same time the animal

was very gentle with other persons. At length one day, when he happened to be loose, after being dressed by some other person, seeing the ostler at a little distance, he suddenly trotted towards him. The ostler, aware of the horse's enmity, turned and ran. With a view of escaping, he leaped up a flight of six or seven steps, and continued his course up a narrow line. The horse actually followed up the steps, and was so near gaining upon his enemy, that the poor ostler was obliged to take refuge on the top of an out-house, towards which the horse twice or thrice reared himself up, as if he wished to reach the fellow even there.—*Newcastle Magazine.*

POETRY.

AN ODE TO TIME.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Written for the Tenth Volume of "Time's Telescope."

SPIRIT! if I may call thee such,
Beneath whose silent sway,
Structures, defying grosser touch,
In fragments fall away;—
Essence, or Shadow,—whatsoe'er
Thou art;—with mingled hope, and fear,
I frame this votive lay:
For feelings I can ill define
With every thought of thee combine.

I court no fabled Muses' aid
To scatter spells around;
For long before *their* presence made
Parnassus classic ground,
Thou from dark Chaos' depths didst spring
Elate—on thy expanded wing,
Which never since has found,
In all the boundless realms of space,
One moment's tranquil resting place.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT:"—JEHOVAH said;
And, with that fiat, Thou,
Thy wings for instant flight outspread,
Became'st—what Thou art now!
A viewless thing, whose very Name
Fancy's most daring flights may tame,
And furrow Wisdom's brow:
Given—and recall'd—with viral breath;
Thine entrance—LIFE!—thine exit—DEATH!

And yet that seeming Death, which tells
That we have done with Thee;
And Thou no less with us;—compels
Our Spirits still TO BE!
And parting from Thee does but seem
Like launching from some shallow stream
Into a soundless sea,
Upon whose thought-o'erwhelming brink
Thy *Cent'ries* into *Moments* shrink!

But to that soundless, shoreless deep
I now must bid adieu!—
Enough it is for me to keep
My subject theme in view;
And all-sufficient is thy spell
To wake more thoughts than tongue can tell,
Or fancy can pursue:—
For, short of "THINGS ETERNAL," thine
Must closest round our hearts entwine.

Our human hopes, our human fears,
In Thee and Thine have birth;
And, by their varied smiles and tears,
Evince thy present worth:—
In truth, 'tis thy engrossing "Now"
Which gives to ev'ry thoughtless brow
Its fickle gloom or mirth:—
All Sense can feel, or hear, or see,
While Sense endures,—is found in Thee.

What is the haughtiest Despot's power
Contrasted with thine own?
HE sways his sceptre of an hour,
And fills his transient throne:—
Thou sweep'st the empty pageant by;—
A moment—and to mortal eye
His place no more is known!
And one brief line records his lot,
"HE WAS!—and now on Earth is NOT!"